



6-2-1928

## The Johnsonian June 2, 1928

Winthrop University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/thejohnsonian>

---

### Recommended Citation

Winthrop University, "The Johnsonian June 2, 1928" (1928). *Browse all issues of the Johnsonian*. 170.  
<https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/thejohnsonian/170>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the The Johnsonian at Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Browse all issues of the Johnsonian by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact [bramed@winthrop.edu](mailto:bramed@winthrop.edu).



## THE JOHNSONIAN

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY  
During the Regular Session The Official Organ of the Student Body of  
Winthrop College, The South Carolina College for Women  
During Summer Session the Official Publication of the College  
Subscription Price (Regular Session) \$1.50 Per Year  
Advertising Rates on Application

THE STAFF  
HELEN G. MACDONALD  
WILMA HUGHES  
MARGARET HENRY  
LILA ATKINSON  
MILORDE JORDAN  
GEORGIA TOWNSEND  
ELEANOR HART

## THE STAFF

Faculty Editor  
Associate Editor  
Feature Editor  
Assistant Manager  
Assistant Manager  
Circulation Manager

## REPORTERS

Catherine Adams, Josephine Scott, Ida Bothwell, Mary Ebel, Owen, Jimmie Selles, Mary Kate Johnson, Florence Epps, Louise Edinger, Hildegard Schroeder, Frances Brit, Isabel Witherspoon, Willie Locke Crawford.

## SENIOR STAFF

Bonita Atkinson, Editor-in-Chief  
Senior Reporters  
Anne Roof, Harriet Wardlaw, Catherine Hillard, Carol Garby, Virginia Kelley, Elizabeth Bell, Helen Tillotson, Ethel Greer, Annie Selles, Sarah Belser.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1928

## OLD ORDER CHANGES

With mingled emotions, love, and hope for the future, the seniors of our Alma Mater and desire to try the world outside of the college walls, we, the Seniors, with diplomas in our hands, have come to the time when we must bid to our classmates and faculty a sincere and hearty wish for a joyous future and much good luck. Yet a feeling of loneliness comes over us when we realize that our future days will have no strong, wise hand to lead us, no present great love encouraging us to live in the trust and most sincere ways. In this "debe" has striven to make of a numerous crowd of slightly Freshmen a class of sincere and Christian young women, who see that what is right clearly and know how to "Follow the Gleam." For the wonderful love you have given us, for your beautiful ideals and for your great patience, Dr. Johnson, we, your Senior class, go to our future work with faith in your confidence in our own womanhood, inspired by your approval. Though ever "from the campus," we will not forget our love for you and the truth you have taught us. We trust that you may bring pride and joy to you and that you will be glad to welcome back your "Winthrop Daughters" at our first class reunion and again assure you that our love is always abiding.

To you who are ever part of our college and who ever stand to back us, our Faculty, we wish you to feel our everlasting love with respect. With a feeling of trepidation, we now, having prepared ourselves for various occupations, are eager to go and try to put into practice and life that which you have so faithfully labored to instill in us during the past four years. However, you may believe that we will do our best not to misrepresent you and, as Dr. Martin says, not to make our pupils think mythology as the truth. Then, also, if you are one of the brilliant discoveries in the field of education comes to your attention, remember to say to yourself proudly, "That was one of my pupils in the famous class of '28."

A peep into the future perhaps might show us an interesting and welcome sight. A class reunion, the object, the returned class of 1928 the characters, and the spectators are the up-to-date young students of the year. A loud shriek of laughter and many fat ladies run out to meet their old pal, Janie Durant. At intervals of kissing" Janie stops to say, "Now, Jake, quit hanging on mother's skirt—Hello, no! You must not wade in the fountain. Debe's daughters didn't do that and surely it is unbecoming for his granddaughters." Then the attention is directed to the well-groomed ladies who are evidently much interested in their conversation. The slightest of the two says, "My little girls are wearing pink organdy, and I have beautifully curled their hair for the evening." Two demure little girls walk demurely in and kiss everybody very politely. Then they caught their mother's hands and recognize her, our own little Harriet Daniel. However, the little girls are no sooner seated than a little boy, evidently just out of a mud-hole, with one freckle on top of the other, tumbles in and matches two pink ribbons off the little girls' curls

and runs to hide behind his mother, and we know she is Harriet Law. Our paper could not hold all the fun and laughter of that trip. Husbands were running around wildly while Mrs. Watson chased after them with a flower vase full of smoking cigarette stubs. Yet, to keep the picture clear in the minds of the participant, we see a fat, stork-like running around with pencil and paper while puffing seeking their news.

Then we, the Seniors, having participated in this future event, could not but prepare to receive our diplomas. We'll always remember our Alma Mater, honor and cherish it. For our love and votes will help we'll see to it that the legislature plays "Lady Bountiful" when bestowing appropriations to the South Carolina College for Women.

B. A.

## SENIORS, REFLECT

You can never tell how fast hearts are beating beneath these Senior robes! You can never tell what sad thoughts are brooding beneath these Senior caps! Only those that wear them know. To you, they are symbols of intelligence and dignity, but to us they mean sadness and parting. Yet these caps and gowns give us a delightful feeling of self-sufficiency—perhaps because we know there are curious eyes of underclassmen following our every movement—or perhaps it is the exalted happiness of growing up into womanhood. Sadness and joy—joy and sadness, there are breathless moments of both.

For a year we have been Seniors, but not until now have we realized the full meaning of it all. Six months—a month ago, we would have said, "We are here because we're here," but not so now, because we know that our desire to fight to the finish has kept us at Winthrop. And as we march to our last chapel, and as we march in the Daisy Chain, our hearts are singing—singing again, "We're out to win," leaving the echo of our promise to be taken up as a challenge by the class of '32.

Through all this commencement move with its pride and poise of those who walk the ways of life and do not stumble by the wayside—walk with heads erect, eyes ahead, and feet steady, while within, something is breaking—something is dying as our song is ending. H. T.

## MISS OAKES AND MISS RICHARDS IN RECITAL

Miss Pauline Oakes, Senior in music, appeared in recital in Music Hall last Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. She was assisted by Miss Jean Richards, pianist, of the Junior class.

Miss Oakes sang numbers by Schubert, Amy Woodfoote, Fidler, Schumann, Spies, Kreisler and Hawley, and the difficult airs from the operas Cavalleria Rusticana, by Mascagni, and Herodias, by Massenet. Miss Oakes has a lovely mezzo-soprano voice, remarkably sweet and pure in quality, and she sang her program most artistically. Miss Richards played numbers by Squier, Cyril Scott, Chopin and Liszt. She was entirely successful in every way, meeting all demands made upon her in the music. Perhaps her most popular number was the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody. Both artists reflected great credit on the Winthrop College Music Department.

He—A seat in the stock exchange corner of the world. She—Goodness! Who's the hostess there?

## Beauty of Custom and Tradition; Sweetest Memories of College Days

"The slaves of custom and established mode, With pack-horse constancy we keep the road, Crooked we straight, through jungles or thorny fields, True to the jingling of one leader's bells."

Customs are lovely. In the future when one looks back over his college days, it will be the old customs and traditions that his mind will first come to. Though modern youth seems to disdain and even rebel at the very word custom, he must ultimately admit that life is mostly one custom after another. Tradition is beautiful, and after all, it is the beautiful in life that one holds dearest.

Winthrop days! Days of incessant work-days of mirth and pleasure, of paths of regret and sorrow, of bitter sweeten, hopes and aspirations. Mingled with them all, bright memories of a Junior-Senior, a trip to Washington, that last busy day of the year. All customs, customs fragrant with memories.

For, after all, college is largely built upon custom. Some one in the dark past conceived an idea as did one "Debe" college grew, spread, and finally came to be encyclopaedia of our very actions and thoughts are in a large measure controlled by custom, as is our dress.

Winthrop has developed custom and tradition down from year to year. Each class seems to establish some new precedent which unconsciously grows and comes to be a custom. Winthrop, these many customs may be, there are many that stand out as very bright lights in our college careers.

When the Freshmen first entered the college they were becoming part of a great custom—that of higher education for women. They were becoming members of that very large class known as the Order of the Bachelors.

From the time when they listened to the first playing of the chime until now, they have probably heard the chime many times. One out of its clearest tones would be disconcerting. How well one remembers when a new one was added, to start us off on our day's class-work again. "Work for the night is coming."

We are each a mere part of a great custom. What we are and what we do will determine Winthrop's traditions years from now.

One of the most beautiful of customs is the Junior-Senior reception early in May. Each class tries to bring something different, yet the custom remains. One year the college was turned into a veritable Fairyland—the next year the scene was changed to the Land of Mother Goose. Memorable occasions are the coming of the "Train" and "The Land of Japan." As custom has it, no men are allowed. The Juniors, in their joyous gaiety, escort the more dignified Seniors to the "party." So lovelier custom could be followed.

There is the banquet and the dance. Gifts are exchanged. The Senior takes her Junior to breakfast the next morning. Always there is the memory of a beautiful night—in a garden—in the world of make-believe. A custom surely no one would wish to eradicate.

There is the Senior Gift. Each class, as it goes out from the halls of its Alma Mater, leaves behind it some token of its love and appreciation, some material thing—the coming class to remember it by. Ingeniously it is tried to discover something new, something useful, something unique, and yet something of a permanent nature. This custom has grown out of that old one of planting trees. From the establishment of the college in Rock Hill, its classes have planted trees that are living memories of their spirit. So lovelier custom could be followed.

However, these trees grow up and spread their leafy arms over the whole campus, until finally no more trees were needed. It became necessary to think of something new. In walking under the shade of the campus trees, one frequently notices a small white granite slab at the base of the tree, with a motto and class year inscribed. These classes surely built for beauty and for time.

In later years we find many beautiful, useful and charming gifts brought through the college and on the campus. One class—probably a vain one—had a large mirror in the mirror hall of Administration Building. It is said that every time a certain junior passes he gives up into that mirror and suddenly, as it shrank, turns away. Why? Guessing again. Long before the mirror came to adorn that particular spot, a clock had hung there.

There are sundials, a large circular gazing ball, a Japanese tea house, portraits of President and Mrs. Johnson, and many other things. All appreciable and calling up memories of a class that has passed on. "Just what these gifts are to be, is never known until the Class Day exercises, when, with a simple and appropriate ceremony, the gift is unveiled and present to the college."

Each year there is much imagination, guessing and conjecture as to the gift of the next class.

On the first Sunday of each college year, "Debe" leads his class and ever growing numbers of uniformed daughters down Oakland Avenue to church. On this Sunday of the year, everyone goes to church.

When Thanksgiving comes "round" the faculty and students are the guests of the president in the large dining hall. This is the only time that the faculty members come into the students' dining hall. The "Thanksgiving feast," with its turkey and eel, is one to be long remembered.

Each year as the Christmas season approaches, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet members follow one of the loveliest customs. On the night before we go to our homes for the holidays, this group of girls card under our names. Nothing is more inspiring and thrilling than these clear, vibrant, soft notes, floating up to one's window in the quiet of the night.

It is also customary to give the president a Christmas card. Probably we can still remember those days when Winthrop had only one holiday for Christmas. Does "Debe" read his card? They say so. At any rate, it is one of the chief of holiday pleasures to select his card.

Again, in doing honor to our president, we celebrate Founder's Day on January 10 of each year. It is an unusual Founder's Day, in that the founder still lives, to help us enjoy the day. No matter what change may be made in the program, each Founder's Day is the same. We witness the presentation of gifts, hear the congratulations and telegrams, and never cease to be thankful for our president.

When the president enters the auditorium or any place of public gathering, the students arise and remain standing until he is seated.

We all love our "Debe." He is always doing something good for us, and to express our appreciation, some one has written a charming poem that we all sing and love. When we are happy, this song is never taught to a new class; as a signal is given for singing it. It comes naturally to our lips and in the glad moment we are all on the same, singing it at the top of our voices.

Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best one that we know?

When we grow to be quite old and wise—Seniors, of course—"Debe" takes us out to see the world a bit. Early in our Senior year we go to the State Fair. There is a special train and supper served on the way—the president's gift. But a more exciting trip is the annual one to—somewhere. I usually to the Magnolia Gardens, but this year to Washington. No Senior ever forgets that trip, to which she has looked forward for four years of college life.

The last Senior trip is that one to the farm. Just exactly what happens we do not know, but we have been told that Debe and a few of the elect take the Seniors out to a "feast" of fried chicken and ice cream. Late at night all sit around the fire while Debe is called. Each Senior must answer "Guilty" or "Not guilty," as the case may be. The diamonds usually give the clue. The traditions that have been handed down to each succeeding class have no end. Many of them are groundless, yet interesting memories and imaginings of college days. No one ever attempts to take the mask from them. The disillusionment would be too cruel. On the other hand such stories are probably given more color by each class.

There are many woven about the Winthrop student who is now Mrs. Johnson. There are thrilling stories of how she rode on one of the trucks in the dining room, broke rules, and many other things. The story of Debe's proposal to her makes a nice story to pass on. There is the "dead line" on the campus—an imaginary line about the twenty-five foot back from the fence. In other words, our campus as such ends there. All because, so we are told, a girl once kissed a boy over the fence. Our beautiful athletic bowl was once an outhouse. Faculty, men included, lived in the dormitories. There are many others, too numerous to tell—the love affair of the dean and one of his teachers, now his wife.

The Senior year is drawing to a close. We are sure and glad to go another. On the last night of the regular class-work has been finished, the Juniors, our sisters, wear the decorated pastebards, for the first time in a grand march through the dining hall.

The last chapel day comes. The Seniors, in robes and caps, march in. Everybody stands. The exercises are finished, and to the tune of "Lost now, in the wide, wide world," the Senior class marches out

of the chapel for the last time. Then comes that last night, and the oldest and most beautiful of customs—Daisy Chain. The college orchestra plays while the Juniors in white, and the Seniors in black go through the figures of the Daisy Chain march. The class figures are formed, one on either side of the fountain. The final, impressive, exercises take place as each class pledges friendship and remembrance.

The figures slowly twined as the grand march up the wide steps into the building begins. Each Senior places her cap—symbol of "Seniorship"—upon the head of her Junior. The Daisy Chain is over. Another Winthrop class has made its final exit.

"Slowly now we wend our way, With eyes that dimly see; The campus leave alone at last To memory—to memory."

## THE SPIRIT OF WINTHROP

Fragments of conversations I have heard at Winthrop this week: "Gosh! I've got three on Wednesday!" "I'm absolutely petrified! I dunno one thing about it."

"I'm sure you had one of those notebook?" "I don't know a thing I can pass." "Write in my Tatter." "I don't think my people?" "I feel assuredly am gonna think it. He sent me a slip—sawed my family to death. I really have got to cram!" "Please show me how to do that third step in the Irish jig."

"If somebody had sent me that Old Zip Coat, so I can practice I'm gonna think that clogging again." "Ooah, boy! This time next week will I be happy?" "Write in my Tatter—on both pictures."

"I only got 'C' on my term paper about 'Marriage and Divorce,' and it was simply grand. I worked one whole day and night on it." "Have you written in my Tatter?" "Listen here; reckon 'Tommy' would consider this ethical?" "Gule, Mr. Brown! I just simply adore him!"

"I've got a Soph to practice the daisy chain for this afternoon." "I'm scared to death of him. When he looks at me and always smiles, I simply shrink."

"Oh, do write in my Tatter!" "Wa-a-l, that's an in-ter-es-ting thought."

"Did she darlin'? I hate to leave her classes. Her philosophy of life she is good."

"My knees were fairly shaking when I had to conduct that social recitation before an A. B. M. A. 1912."

"They sure are a happy looking couple."

"She has a friend to illustrate every social problem we've taken up."

"Please hush and let me study." "I've got a job!" "Write in my Tatter." Among the teachers: "Oh, I just can't give up my Seniors. I'll certainly miss you. I hope you have formed your philosophy of life by this time."

"I want you to know what I am going to ask you on examination. You may fix the blanks for an author, title and subject card before you come to the exam. Just keep calm and don't get excited."

"Have you formed any opinion of your own concerning these vital problems, or are you just muddled and confused? I hope I have enabled you to see two sides of a question."

"Write in your Tatter? Why, certainly, my dear."

Thus the tide of conversation ebbs and flows. Soon the last little murmuring brook of it will cease for a time, after the Seniors hand their caps to the Juniors and they themselves start out upon the long, long trail of life. M. H.

## Seniors of 1928

We congratulate you and wish for you a successful future.

We will always welcome your return.

MORRIS' JEWELRY STORE  
Diamonds—Watches

## SPECIAL

FRESH MEATS, FISH AND FOWLS UNEXCELLED

Call us for prompt and efficient service

BROOKS' MARKET  
119 Trade Street  
Phone 191

## Three Flowers Face Powder

And sifter free with each package  
Kodak Finishing

## CALHOUN DRUG COMPANY

Agents for Whitman's and Morris' Candies  
Coty's Powder, \$1.00

## Hurrah for Vacation!

Although we will miss you in Rock Hill this summer, we are glad you will enjoy your vacation. Remember, we will have a hearty welcome for you when you return in the fall.

## CAROLINA GROCERY

## Don't Fail to Try Our

## TOASTED BREAD SANDWICHES

Ham, cheese, chicken salad, deviled egg. Fresh every minute—you don't have to wait! We also serve coffee with cream.

## WINTHROP CANDY COMPANY

Main Street Phone 79

## CATAWBA LUMBER COMPANY

## LUMBER AND MILLWORK

## Best of Luck, Seniors!

We'll always miss you and welcome your return

## Ratterree's Drug Store

Phone 639



## HOLEPROOF HOSEIERY

Three new numbers just introduced by Holeproof. We have these numbers in the new colors, designed by Lucile in Paris.

Full-fashioned, semi-service weight, with small little top \$1.50  
All silk service-weight, with pointed heel \$1.95  
All silk chignon, pick top, very sheer \$1.95

## FRIEDHEIM'S HOPE'S



Send us your dresses and coats to be dry cleaned and refreshed. We appreciate your patronage.

**Rock Hill Dry Cleaning Company**  
Phone 755

Full line of  
**Sporting Goods**  
Fancy China and  
Glassware

**ROCK HILL  
HARDWARE CO.**

**REID'S  
Flower Shop**  
129 Hampton Street

Flowers for all occasions  
Cut Flowers  
Corsages  
Bouquets

Phone 193—Home Phone 173

**DIXIE OIL CO.**

Gas, Oil, Tires and  
Accessories

Stations all over  
town

**SENIORS**

Beautiful Flowers  
for Commencement

**Kimball's Flower House**  
At Elvener Phone 615-4



**TEA ROOM**

Bring your parents and friends to  
The  
**PERIWINKLE TEA ROOM**

During commencement  
"Where Judges of Good Food Meet"

**EFIRD'S**

We Carry a Complete Line of Full-  
Fashioned Hosiery

Ladies' full-fashioned, lisle top, pure thread silk hose, guaranteed first quality, in all the leading shades, only.....**\$1.00**

All over silk peak heel chiffon hose, \$2 value, slightly irregular, special.....**\$1.35**

Quality 165 Hudson Peak heel, all over silk hose, in white and all the newest shades, at.....**\$1.45**

Quality 185 Hudson Peak heel, all over silk chiffon hose, in white and all the leading colors.....**\$1.65**

el lisle top, pure thread silk hose, in all the leading shades, special at.....**\$1.35**

**EFIRD'S**  
SELLS FOR LESS

## SENIORS AT THE WINTHROP FARM

A Few Answer Gully When Called to Account at Annual Feast—  
A Variable Feast

Friday night, June 1, was the "great" night of the seniors at the College Farm. At 5 o'clock, with dignity thrown to the winds, but with due respect foremost in their minds, they gathered to be carried away forth, safely armed with blankets and pillows and much good humor. A small valley, that once was a pasture had been selected for the scene of festivities and it was here that the journey ended—halfway between the dairy and the chicken farm.

Supper was a veritable feast. It is to be supposed that "Debe" ordered the entire menu of all whole groceries in the State for the satisfaction of the far-famed "Winthrop appetite," else we cannot account for the largeness and variety of the "scrumptious" feast. We don't like to say how much was eaten, nor how long was spent around the stable, but barbecue, chicken, sandwiches, ice cream, etc., simply had to be given due respect. A huge bonfire burned continuously and after supper, extemporaneously, but almost with one accord, the girls grouped around the fire and for one last time reviewed those songs that had been sung at some time during the four years. As of old, "Liz" Carroll played the piano and Bonita led. We won't say that the girls sang true and clear, because none could deny the tears in the voices.

A moving picture screen had been improvised and "Hold 'Em Yal!" kept everybody laughing hilariously. Before the picture and between the reels Edna Carson and Claudia Rousseau danced the modern dances and "Liz" Carroll sang the latest "hit." "Hitchie" pulled a few stunts that, as always, delighted her audience into calling for more. "And so to bed"—Senior dignity settled into blankets under the stary sky and the sandman, though rather late in coming, put them to sleep.

In the silence of the night rang a song true and clear. Everyone was called by three special figures to gather around a crystal gazebo. This Easterner had been sent as a gift of the Gods to foretell in a small degree the future of the class of 1928. Some of the fair dames, almost giddy on a charge of heart-breaking, some few reluctantly admitted "maybe," and the majority staunchly to having committed no more. "For midnight, however, and the solemnity of the gaze's mein made the ceremony weird and one never to be forgotten.

Having discovered all of the secrets of their fellow-sleepers, the girls once again slept. The sun awakened them this time—tired but happy. An early breakfast revived everybody. They were loathe to return to the college, but everyone was glad to come back to civilization, wiser by far, and with another lovely memory of Winthrop days to be stored away—not in lavender this time, but in gold and black.

**Needs**  
"You have studied the needs of your fellow-sleepers," said one. "I have," answered Senior Sargum; "and very successfully. At each election I have managed to convince them that they need me."

## Mother Winthrop Pushes Another Brood from Topmost Branch of Tree

"It's a pity we couldn't have graduated when we were Sophomores. We had much more self-confidence then."

"Yes, if you mean at the beginning of the year, before Sophomore History killed it all. I guess so."

"Well, what you need is not self-confidence, but divine faith. Here it is May the twenty-third, and I haven't even an offer of a—"

"Oh, no, you don't, Marge! I've got a job, but I know less to teach than I did in high school."

"Isn't there something that says 'The greatest wisdom is to know you don't know'?"

"Oh, ye gods! Somebody usually said that. Somebody's probably said everything dumb like that and if you put're sure a thing's dumb enough, put it in quotation marks and quote it on all occasions."

"But what about this, graduating and not knowing a thing, even a dumb quotation?"

"Poor little Gini! You don't know anything, do you? And you haven't distinguished every term since."

"But when they ask, 'What is the capital of New Mexico?' or 'How do you say dictionary?' and you can't think right off the top like that and they go home and—"

But just then Mother Winthrop flew down from the big Tower of Knowledge to her intellectual fellows, where they sat, huddled together close to the trunk on the topmost branch of the Tree of Learning.

The dedings looked helpful at one another, knowing that their time had come.

One by one, Mother Winthrop took them to the very end of the topmost branch. Oh, how dizzily high she floated! How she floated!

At length, when the last fledgling, with one fond, backward look at Father Debe and Mother Winthrop, had sailed off on strong, sure wings, Father Debe turned to Mother Winthrop and said, "Look! Look how far she has gone already. I tell you, you can't beat a Winthrop daughter when it comes to flying!"

And now the class of 1928 has been brought to the end of the topmost limb of the tree. We've watched other classes learn to fly. Some of them broke their necks, we know; but they were strong and, too, our limb is very high.

There stands Mother Winthrop, ready to push us off.

As we walk, we hover as close together as we can, for we cannot all fly in one direction and some of us must fly far apart. We look fondly about us at the tree we are about to leave and try to pick, in these last few days, little neglected crumbs of learning from this upmost limb.

We look longingly down at similar neglected crumbs on the Junior and Sophomore and even the Freshman limbs. If only we had eaten them when they were so freely offered us, perhaps our wings would be stronger now for this long flight into the "wide, wide world."

We are seized with sudden little paroxysms of fear. After all, we have good friends at Winthrop. Will the new world be as kind?

But we had the Juniors clamoring to us from the limb below to hurry, that they may, take our places; and then we wonder what has happened to our eyes, for, as we look up into them, they cease their uppour and we can only see them whisper to each other, "Won't it be funny to see the next year?"

"Can you realize that we will be? And ever so faintly is wafted up to us, 'Now we will miss them.'"

Now, there come to our ears the joyful shouts of the little Sophomores—Sophomores no longer, but jubilant Juniors. Then indeed we know that it is time to leave. They need us no more. Why, they need little sisters of their own to care for next year!

Push hard, Mother Winthrop. The class of '28 is ready to fly.

KATHERINE HILLARD.

## ANNUAL ENSEMBLE CONCERT GIVEN SATURDAY EVENING

Overture—Americus, Voelker; Hungarian Dance, Brahms—Winthrop College Orchestra.

Concerto in G minor for piano, Mendelssohn. First movement, Jennie Louise Jennings; second movement, Louise Lyons; Louise Hammond at second piano. Third movement, Agnes Rice. Miss Stephenson at the organ; Miss Willifong at the second piano; Winthrop College Orchestra.

**Duet**—In This Solemn Hour, from La Forza Destino, Verdi—Mr. Arthur Cornwall and Mr. Carroll Orr.

**Trios**—The Snow, Edgar—Misses Tripp, Pauline Oakes and Helen Carson. Violin obligati by Misses Adams and Hammond.

The Sabot Maker, Breton Folk Song, arranged by Deems Taylor; It Was a Lover and His Lass, Dunn—Senior Class Glee Club. Winner in the Interclass Glee Club Contest.

**Duet**—Chlorine, Gumbert—Misses Thelma Cook and Catherine Rogers.

**Trios**, Pralse Ye, from "Attila," Mendelssohn—Miss Elizabeth Rose, Messrs. Arthur Cornwall and Carroll Orr.

**String Trio**, Slumber Song, Schumann—Misses Mary Hammond, Emma Jean Daniels and Elizabeth Dillard. Miss Stephenson at the piano.

**Duet**—Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffman, Offenbach—Misses Pansy Keaton and Elizabeth Rose.

Sonata for piano and violin, Mozart, first movement—Misses Louise and Mary Hammond.

**Duet** of the Flowers, from Madame Butterfly, Puccini—Misses Mary Ellis and Pauline Oakes.

**Duet**—Home to Our Mountains (Il Trovatore), Verdi—Misses Nelle Kinnard and Mr. George Carlisle.

**Piano Duo**, Jazz Study, Hill—Misses Elizabeth Hardin and Margaret Wertz.

Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," Wagner; Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner—Winthrop College Glee Club.

Mrs. Eadon, of Manning, will visit her daughter, Gladys, during commencement.

Dr. Holmes entertained for the last of her Senior classes on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Dr. Holmes' "at home" have been a great pleasure and have been greatly appreciated by her classes.

**The Only Solution**  
A man telephoned to the superintendent of an insane asylum, and the following conversation took place:

"Give me the name of the man who escaped last night."

"No one escaped that I know of."

"Better check up again; someone ran away with my wife."

It doubles the size of a man who has made a fool of himself, to be told of it.

Silverware Missing

Hotel Proprietor: That crowd we had here last night did carry on.

Manager—Yes, and what's worse, they did carry off.

Trusted No Strangers

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and entrusted her savings to her keeping.

"Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married," the mistress asked.

"So I do, missus, but do you 'posid I'd keep all dis money in de house wid dat strange nigger?"

Hubbard—Well, I've tried her with golf, billiards, football and racing, and it's just like talking to a stone.

Hubbard—No, the guidebook says it's Catholic.

Uninformed—No, the guidebook says it's Catholic.

We've heard of some dumb people, but last week-end and Spex Farrar went in a music store to buy piano strings.

Stranger—Is that the new public school over there?

Native—Yes; that's our chamber of commons.

Mother—Why is it taking you so long to put on your dress?

Daughter—I can't decide just where to put it.

New Actress—I'm so afraid I'll forget my lines.

Producer—Never mind, little girl; the audience won't.

"Our Chinese laundryman has named his son after Lindeberg."

"What's that—Charlie Fly?"

"No, Long Hop"—Notre Dame Juggler.

Hope Bonister says that his girl's father is a paper-lug merchant, so she left him hudding the sack.

No Interest in Life

Hubbard anxiously—My wife seems not to have the slightest interest in life.

Ductor—What makes you think that?

Hubbard—Well, I've tried her with golf, billiards, football and racing, and it's just like talking to a stone.

## BEAUTIFUL RECEPTION AT PRESIDENT'S HOME

A Happy Time For All at Annual Event Given for Seniors by Dr. and Mrs. Johnson

Soft-lit and tapestried lanterns shutting out the "wide, wide world" by a circle of magic light, a fountain splashing in moon and lantern beams, brief glimpses of faculty and classmates in flower-like tulle and bouffants, or sparkling beaded gowns and our Debe in the midst of it all—these memories will linger long in the hearts of our class.

Ever since we were Freshmen we have wondered about Debe's reception for the Seniors and longed for the time to come when we, the trusted upper classmen, should be taken into his home. And now our longing has been satisfied and we can go away with the happy memory of a dream fulfilled.

A dream more than fulfilled, for what slumber could have conjured the joy that we knew in this last intimate association with our Debe? What sleeper could have dreamed the charm of his smile?

Just how our Debe managed to give each of his Senior daughters a smile all his own as she paused before his chair, when his Seniors are so many, will always be a mystery; but it is a happy mystery which we accept content that it is so. Certain it is that his smile cast a charm over each girl as she entered, which lasted long after she left. We hope that the charm will last forever, for every Senior likes to feel that the smile given her was the stamp of approval of the great and loved Master of Winthrop.

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.

"Oh, Debe, you are a friend of ours. The best we'll ever know."

With our Debe's smile, we shall carry our treasures; his friendly parting conversations with Dean Kinnard and Miss Ketchin or "Stoum," little glimpses into the "soul-sides" of our faculty that we've never before been privileged to see, tiny confidences from the girls whom we have seen and thought we knew for four years, a warm, friendly handclasp from Mrs. "Debe," and a shy little smile from Suzanne.

Oh, we didn't sing aloud to Dr. Johnson on Thursday night, but we know that he must have heard the singing of our hearts then, and that he must hear the music they are making to him now.



Those who have social items or club or party news will please either give the information to Elizabeth Watson, Margaret Nance Hall, or place it in her dormitory postoffice box.

Miss Marion Macdonald of Cobourg, Ontario, arrived in Rock Hill Thursday, May 24, to visit her sister, Dr. Helen G. Macdonald.

Dr. Dennis Martin, head of the department of ancient languages, entertained her Senior students at the home of Mrs. Barber Thursday from 4 to 6. Interesting Latin crossword puzzles and Latin games were played, after which the hostess served delicious refreshments. Miss Sway and Miss Godwin assisted Dr. Martin.

Mrs. Julia Bonita Searson, of Algonquin, will arrive Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Alkinson of Spartanburg, to attend the commencement exercises.

Mr. D. W. Roof and daughter, Miss Marie, will arrive from Columbia for commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Roberts' entertained at a delightful breakfast party Friday morning at 7:30.

Mrs. Daniel and her daughter, Rebecca, will arrive from Landrum Saturday to attend the commencement exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinder, of Kingsport, are expected to attend commencement. Their daughter, Grace, is president of the Senior class.

Misses Margaret Stevenson, Harriet Law and Anna Sans Clark spent Monday afternoon in Charlotte.

Misses Hattie Carson, Grace Kinder, Frances Carroll and Bonita Atkinson expect to go to Bennettville, June 13, to attend the U. D. G. convention. They have been elected to be General McLaughlin's aids of honor.

A gay and care-free crowd of Seniors attended the first event in the festive program of "Senior week." The Senior dance in Johnson Hall on Monday night from 8:30 to 10:30. Many Seniors came to drink the old lemonade and to trip the light fantastic with lighter hearts, to the strains of the jazz orchestra, composed of "Liz" Carroll at the piano, Elizabeth Dillard with her violin, and Frances Hill with drums. Dean Scudder, Dr. Dunning, Mrs. Grapel and Miss Hurt were guests.

The Sigma Tau Chi Club entertained the Senior members with a lovely farewell banquet Saturday evening at the Periwinkle Tea Room. Gorgeous sweet peas and ragged oldies carried out the color scheme of purple and gold. The Senior members, Messrs. Harriet and Julie Anna Law and Elizabeth Buchanan, were presented dainty vanities, with the college seal. The hostesses were Misses Grace Vaughan, Lucia Norris, Willie Locke, Elsie Ford, Elizabeth Scudder, Sara Pettigrew, Bern Buchanan and Edna Foster.

The following original compositions were rendered by the Seniors assisting:

Indian Lament—Louise Lyons.

Fragrant from a Sonatina—Frances Gilliam.

Memoires des Champs—Louise Hammond.

Her First Piece—Sara Watson.

Elude—Jennie Louise Jennings.

Thoughts from a Hilltop—Agnes Rice.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

Valise—Vivian Ellis.

**A. B. & N. TAXI CO.**  
BANKS, BRAZIL & NUNN  
Prompt and Reliable Taxi Service  
Phone 609  
Trade Street, near J. W. O'Neal Grocery Co.

**LISTEN, GIRLS!**  
Come to our store and find what you want. Our good things to eat are sure to please you. Try them and be convinced.

**GILL & MOORE**  
Grocery Co.

**SANDWICHES**  
Of All Kinds

Drop in our place on your way back to the college, and refresh yourself with a delicious sandwich. Any kind you may want.

**ROCK HILL CANDY & FRUIT CO.**

**Service—Quality**  
Price  
SPECIAL

1 box Dier Kiss Face Powder and bottle Dier Kiss Perfume.....59c  
\$1.50 Stationery.....98c  
25c Talcum Powder.....15c  
Memory Books.....\$1.50

All kinds of Compacts, at attractive prices.

**CITY PHARMACY**  
(INC.)

"On the Corner"  
Telephone

## COMMENCEMENT GIFTS

Costume Jewelry—Ear bobs, necklaces, watches, diamonds, etc. Many graduation presents here suitable for your friend, and we'll be glad to assist you in a selection.

**Tucker Jewelry Company**  
"Gifts That Last"

We Cordially Invite New Business

on

## Our Record

of

Forty-Three Years of Distinguished and Honorable Service

## THE NATIONAL UNION BANK

"Absolutely Safe"

Capital and Surplus, \$500,000

OUR BEST WISHES FOR A PLEASANT VACATION

**BEACH-HEARN JEWELRY COMPANY**

"It's New and Modern, We Have It"

SEIBERLING

RUBBER

HEELS

—Ladies Prefer Them

## BELL'S SHOE SHOP

No. 1 Record Place

Phone 227

## Congratulations to the Class of 1928

## Thackston's Studio

Phone 427

Photographs Live Forever

WE HEARTILY CONGRATULATE EACH MEMBER OF THE GRADUATING CLASS AND WISH YOU SUCCESS IN WHAT-EVER YOU CHOOSE TO DO



**J. L. PHILLIPS**  
DRUG COMPANY

Phone 111

## THE JOHNSONIAN

### SENIOR FAREWELL CHAPEL CONDUCTED

(Concluded from page one)  
left, we bequeath a new megaphone, which, of its own accord, allows her moments of rest by calling out in stentorian tones the intricate and increasing steps of the Daisy Club.  
Item VII. To Miss Martha Davis, we bequeath and devise the romantic and picturesque novels of Dickens, feeling sure that she stepped from between the covers of one of them.

Item VIII. To "Maggie" Maggins, we bequeath a more alert and careful guard in chapel, to assist him in keeping awake J. Thompson Brown on one side and "Stocum" Thomson on the other.

Fourth. To our beloved matrons who have mothered (and smothered) us since our arrival, and held us under their protecting wings, we gratefully bequeath—

Item 1. A new supply of curl papers, with the suggestion that they are more effective if worn only in the privacy of their boudoirs.

Item 2. We leave them a large supply of coffee, with the hope that it will never fail to be a source of inspiration to them, as well as a source of entertainment for their friends.

Item 3. A newly invented mechanical alarm clock, which will ring out and warn girls when Mr. Dobbins and Mr. Clawson are in the halls.

Fifth. We, members of the Senior Class of 1928, desiring to share with and impart to the members of the Senior class of 1929 some of the vast privileges and pleasures that have been ours during our school, devise and bequeath to them the following items:

Item 1. The free and unlimited use of the campus as long as they do not cross the dead line, do not pick flowers, do not deface college property, do not pick violets other days than Wednesdays and Saturdays, do not stay later than 7 o'clock and do not recline.

Item 2. The privilege of being head of a table and of gracing the sumptuous feast of syrup and fried apples.

Item 3. To the class of '29 we leave all the "little angels" at Training School, hoping that they will be better able to hear the "flutter of their wings" than we have.

Item 4. To the Seniors of 1929 we bequeath the excessive verandah of the incoming Freshman class, which wear our gold and black ambler you, in memory of the class of '28, to extend to them the same spirit of fellowship that we have tried to leave with you.

Item 5. To the Seniors, along with any debts or liabilities we may have left them, we bequeath the following asset—our precious cap carrying with them all the dignity and reverence we have attained by constant practice in dangling a tasseled gracefully over the left eye.

Sixth. We, the following persons, separately, wish to bequeath articles and personal possessions to those whom we think are deserving and who will benefit by an inheritance.

Item 1. We, the Home Economics girls, do leave to Mrs. Simons our humble thanks for efficient training in home-making, which is the "promising young farmers" of South Carolina will greatly appreciate.

Item 2. Before entering upon my career as a school teacher, I, Julia Dukes, do hereby give up to the rising Senior most desirous of such an inheritance, all my hopes and prospects of getting married.

Item 3. We, Helen Tiltonson and Mary Lou McKinnon, do hereby will and bequeath to any unwary victim all our possibilities of being out maids, with the sincere hope that by so doing we shall be the first brides in the class of '28.

Item 4. I, Marion Dorn, do will to Mary Freeman my gym suit, with permission to enlarge if necessary.

Item 5. I, Carolin Harby, sane and supposedly in my right mind, do bequeath to Mildred Jordan my propensity for never allowing an opportunity in the class room to pass without due remarks.

Item 6. I, Mollie Stephenson, nearing years of discretion, do hereby will and bequeath to the "Bug-ology" majors my deep affection for spiders, worms, and all species of bugs, and the natural attraction I have for them.

Item 7. I, Louise Hutchinson, alias "Hutch," do will to all future members of "Stocum" Thomson's class my ability to sleep without snoring.

Item 8. We, Cora Lee Kitchings and Elizabeth Miller, do will to anyone who will take them, all rules and regulations, to do with them as they see fit; we having done this, are now looking for new worlds to conquer.

Item 9. I, Grace Kinder, do bequeath to Margaret Jackson all the ideals that I have tried to uphold, and point out to her the paths of leadership and loyalty in which I have endeavored to lead my Senior class.

Seventh. To the entire student body we, class of '28, bequeath and devise our heritage of laughter, tears, hopes and aspirations, fun and frolics, work, dreams and ideals—incidentally disappointments—the things that have made up our life at "W." then.

Item 1. Of laughter, we leave you joyous athletic victories to come.

Jolly companionships. Sunshine days, when it is good to be alive.

Item 2. Of tears—Returns from holidays. Blue Mondays and Blue Books. Homesickness.

Item 3. Of hopes and aspirations—Those "bull sessions" in certain rooms at night, where one speaks out for one's ideals and when one reveals cherished ambitions.

Item 4. Of fun and frolics, we leave you hikes, banquets, midnight feasts. Eating strawberries at the farm.

Item 5. Of work, the 8:30 song of the chimes. Classes. Bells. With it all a certain joy of accomplishment and of creation—

Work then for pleasure, paint or sing or crave—

The thing thou lovest though the body starve."

Item 6. Of dreams and ideals, we leave you many, founded on Winthrop traditions. We leave you the Main Building classrooms, where so many dreams and ideals have soared to the loaves—and we share with you the teachers who have inspired said dreams, and instilled said ideals.

We, as the class of 1928, leave with the entire college a revered ideal of fellowship and love between the classes. Passing from the days when we were "little Freshman sisters" to the days of Senior caps and gowns, we discover that we are "sisters all," and this discovery we pass from the height of our learning and experience "to those who have not come, so far, as seen so much, or done so much."

These memories and possessions we wish to leave as reminders of a class which shall carry with it through the years memories of Winthrop.

Whereof, in witness, I hereby and herewith do set my seal and signature this the thirty-first day of the month in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

ELIZABETH MILLER,  
Class Lawyer.

Signed, sealed, read and declared by the Senior class of 1928 as our only and last will and testament, in the presence of and witnessed by

GRACE KINDER,  
President of Class of '28.  
EDNA CARLSON, Reader.

Dr. Johnson said many words of farewell which were dear to the Seniors. After this the Freshman class, led by Charles Shiner, sang a song well to the Seniors.

Following this, the Sophomore class, led by Luelle Hall, then Elizabeth Rose and Catherine Rogers sang a song to the Seniors on the Junior class. After the Juniors sang, the Senior class, led by Bonita Atkinson, sang its farewell song. It was as follows:

Consolation  
Just a little while to say farewell,  
Then we go.

Just a little wish for your remembrance,  
As you know

We'll be loving you always  
With a love through the days,  
Dearest and ever-sweeter.

Just a little song to wish you joy,  
That's what we leave with you.

This was followed by "Where, Oh, Where are the Verdant Freshmen?" then "Where, Oh, Where are the Wise Old Sophomores?" then "Where, Oh, Where are the Jolly Juniors?" and finally "Where, Oh, Where are the Grave Old Seniors?" ending with "Lost, Now in the Wide, Wide World." After this, they sang the well-known class song, "Though We're Grave Old Seniors," and then marched slowly out, singing again the class song very softly.

SENIORS HIDE TREASURE  
"PAT-AROUND NIGHT"

As soon as Wednesday night was truly dark, black gowned figures could be seen, floating out in the general direction of back campus. An air of mystery seemed to envelope all, yet there was also a current of excitement. Soon this mass lengthened into a line, dotted with Japanese lanterns, and in this fashion proceeded in a solemn march, singing as it moved. By "Debe's" house, on ground by Joyes Hall and from there it trailed to the Athletic Field on back campus. Here a huge bonfire did its utmost to make the place bright and beautiful. Group singing of old songs was greatly enjoyed. Miss Mary Ellis delighted the Seniors by singing a number of exquisite love songs.

At this point the Senior class officers, accompanied by the class lawyer, slipped quietly from the crowd and hid the treasure. This treasure is left for the Seniors of 1929 and will be disclosed to them at the proper time by written directions.

This hiding of a treasure for the rising Senior class is a new idea on the Winthrop campus, but it is hoped that it shall become one of the loveliest traditions for each succeeding Senior class to carry on.

And so next year the class of '29 will in this way recall the class of '28, and in their turn hide their treasure for the class of '30.

Grown Up  
Deliberate Old Lady (who has been taking a lot of time in selecting her purchase)—"But I don't think this is lamb. It looks to me like mutton."

Exasperated Butcher—"It was lamb when I first showed it to you, ma'am."

### GRADUATES OF 1917-1928

(Continued from page one)  
McKinney, Alma Twitty, Fort Mill.  
Mitchell, Sara Beatrice, Ware Shoals.

Moore, Mary Ella, Filbert.  
Powers, William, Greenville Falls.  
Priester, Irma Evelyn, Allendale.

Riser, Mary Lottie, Whitman.  
Rouse, Sadie Glady, Luray.  
Shirley, Cecil M., Greenwood.

Tanner, Mary Virginia, Cherokee.  
Timmerman, Mae Antley, Graniteville.  
Way, Violet, Holly Hill.  
White, Elizabeth, Marion.

Two-Year Business Administration Course  
Anderson, Virginia Elizabeth, Lake City.

Bryant, Evelyn, Rock Hill.  
Childs, Frances, Laurens.  
Connor, Dorothy, Brantley.

Davis, Alma R., Clinton.  
Dillard, Maggie Lee, Reno.  
Fields, Margaret, Florence.

Fraser, Bessie L., Georgetown.  
Graham, Gladys Irene, Rock Hill.  
Greene, Lettie, Rock Hill.

Griggs, Hester Fletcher, Chesterfield.  
Harnan, Mary, Spartanburg.  
Harris, Janie, Laurens.

Hubbard, Helen Elizabeth, Marion.  
Hucks, Rosa Marguerite, Georgetown.  
James, Ruth, Darlington.

Johnston, Anne Lee, St. George.  
Law, Julie Anna, Darlington.  
McCravy, Kitty Inez, Laurens.

Miller, Margorie, Little Mountain.  
Moore, Reuben Layvina, Barnwell.  
Pannell, Mary Nell, York.

Schafer, Bernice Una, Timmonsville.  
Shabler, Mary Eva, St. Matthews.  
Turnipseed, Delta Lee, Columbia.

Wall, Frances J., Chesnee.  
Younghood, Mary Elizabeth, Rock Hill.

SENIORS ESTABLISH A NEW TRADITION  
(Concluded from page one)

class throughout the remainder of the year as an outward expression of its dignity, an ever present reminder to all students of the achievement of character for which the Senior class stands.

"Will the Seniors please come forward to take their places upon the steps?"

The Seniors, who had been sitting on the Main Building steps, now rose and sang:

"Senior steps, Senior steps,  
Emblem of honor and worth,  
Cherished by each Senior class  
All the whole year through;

Honored place, respected place,  
We must now resign  
To the class of twenty-nine,  
These steps leave behind.  
May you honor and hold them dear."

Miss Kinder then asked the president of the rising Senior class to please come forward, and said:

"To you the rising Senior class of '29, we, the class of '28, relinquish our right to the use of these steps, to be used by you throughout your Senior year as a mark of your dignity and as an emblem of respect. Although we have enjoyed the privilege of this custom for only a short time, we trust that you will carry on the idea and by your splendid characters and your intelligence, dignity, and by the right principles—may make this mark of distinction truly merited and honored by the undergraduates."

Margaret Jackson, on behalf of the rising Senior class, responded:

"We, the class of '29, thank you for these Senior steps. We promise that we will make good use of them and that this custom shall always be an honored one."

"A beautiful custom in many colleges is that of dedicating the most beautiful or important steps to the Senior class, to be used by them alone throughout the year and to be given over to the rising Senior class. At the close of the year the class of '28 has decided that because of their important and central position to take over these steps upon which I stand."

"In the name of the class of '28 and with the permission of Dr. D. B. Johnson, I, Grace Kinder, president of the class of '28, announce that the Senior steps shall be set apart for the use of the Senior class."

An Opportunity to Grasp  
Mrs. Gordon came into the house in a state of great alarm.

"Tammam, Tammam!" she exclaimed, "there's a cow in the garden!"

"Dinna stand there wastin' valuable time," replied Tammam; "zeel back and milk it before it gets out."

On a busy day a woman walked into the office of the court rooms at Atlanta, Ga., and, addressing Judge Blank, said:

"Are you the reprobate judge?" "I am the probate judge."

"That is what I was saying," she said, "and I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a college seminary, and he died de-tested, and left the children and I have come to be appointed their executor."—Exchange.

**OLYMPIC LIPSTICK COTY**

New—double size—and specially shaped to give exquisite, clear-cut outlines to the lips. The radiant Coty shades are a subtle glorification of nature's colouring, imparting soft, 'fresh, satiny beauty' in a final dashing exclamation point of charm.

SHADES  
LIGHT  
MEDIUM  
DARK  
CEASE  
INVISIBLE  
Little Obscure Enchantress

AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

"I Sell It" "I Apply It"

**C. L. WILLIAMS**  
THE PAINT MAN

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Duco

Record Place Phone 224  
Rock Hill, S. C.

OUR HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO THE SENIOR CLASS!

**STANDARD DRUG COMPANY**  
Whitman's Candies Velvet Ice Cream

**Gifts for the Graduate**

Unique and useful, and moderate in price  
Call by and look them over

**ROCK HILL STATIONERY CO.**  
Stationers and Printers  
HAMPTON STREET

**To the Class of 1928**

We congratulate you on having reached the goal of school days—Graduation, one of the great triumphs of life.

May you be as successful in attaining other high aims on life's journey.

**Belk's Dept. Stor**  
THE HOME OF BETTER VALUES